Take You(r Time)

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Take You(r Time)

by sourweather

Summary

Will wakes up horny. Han gives him the absolute least help he possibly could.

Notes

idk i just go feral for someone fucking someone else's hand no other thoughts

I promise I have a non-thread coming, I'm currently working on a pseudo-sequel to Beast of Gévaudan that is going to be over 10k, its just taking some time. Thanks for your patience and enjoy this little morsel in the meantime!!! <3

Will wakes up hard, his cock against Hannibal's thigh where they'd been embracing in their sleep. Half-conscious, he rolls his hips against his husband's flesh, warm and inviting beneath him. His breath hitches, gasping softly as he ruts more insistently. He's comfortable, the blanket heavy but not suffocating where it shields them from the world. The sun is filtering in through their curtains, signaling that they have already lost some of the day. It doesn't matter. The two of them are languishing in a moment that will last until they die, now. No rush, no deadlines, no goals but to indulge. Indulge in pleasures of the mind, the the heart, the flesh. Be it bloodshed or lovemaking, desire is unwaveringly the only thing on the agenda.

"Good morning," Hannibal purrs, with a teasing lilt to his voice. His arm wraps around Will's shoulders, long fingers reaching up to lazily tangle in his curls.

Will sighs shakily in return, grinding his cock shamelessly over the meat of Hannibal's thigh. "F-fuck," he gasps, hands finding his husband's strong, ample chest. "Touch me, darlin'."

Hannibal hums fondly, and Will groans when a broad hand palms his cock through his boxers. He strokes the length of it over the fabric, Will's hips still jerking of their own accord.

"You must've had a very interesting dream, dear," Hannibal jokes, and Will just manages an uneven laugh.

"N-not that I remember."

Hannibal tugs gently at Will's hair, guiding him to look up. His husband arches a playful brow. "So you are naturally this desperate, then?"

Will feels his face flush. Sheepishly, he nods.

"Perhaps I can assist you."

He moans when Hannibal's hand slips inside his underwear, firmly wrapping around his aching cock. Hannibal doesn't move, though. Doesn't stroke him or run his thumb over the head how Will likes. Just grips him, a warm weight all around him.

Slowly, testing the waters, Will rolls his hips. Hannibal's lips quirk upwards, just so.

Oh, fuck.

"Go on, darling. Take what you need from me."

Will groans, his eyes slipping shut as he bucks into the tunnel of Hannibal's hand again. Hannibal's other hand keeps running through his curls— grounding, soothing, like Will is something to be cradled and nurtured.

Hannibal's view of him, and by extension Will's view of himself, is beautifully inconsistent. At times, he is cunning, omniscient and all-poweful. Like unto an old God, he sees Will bathed in gold where he languishes within the altar of their bed. At those times, Hannibal supplicates himself. Yielding.

Not today. Today, Will is Beastly. Not a feral, fearsome thing with fangs and claws. No, he is a helpless creature. He is just afraid of Hannibal as Hannibal is of him. He shakes, and shivers, and cries out in pleasure and want. Hannibal takes pity on him. He gives Will a steady hand to fuck, and a shoulder to bury his sweating face in, and soothing touches drifting down his shuddering spine.

Will is writhing. His sounds are high, frequent. His hips have found a rhythm, his bitten fingernails bite into Hannibal's flesh where Will clutches for dear life at his husband's shoulders. It's inelegant, in the way that Hannibal often enjoys making Will behave inelegantly.

His breath stutters, he claws at Hannibal's back, he fucks Hannibal's hand with a mindless urgency.

"That's it," Hannibal soothes, as if this is genuinely something that Will needs for his own good. "Use me, Will, go on."

Will moans, his own breath thick and hot where he's muffled against Hannibal's strong body. His thighs tense, his stomach tightens, he ruts quick and shallow into the friction around his cock.

He holds Hannibal in an iron grip as he comes, spilling sticky and hot into his own boxers and over the other man's hand. His groans come from his chest, more so than his throat. And then for a handful of trembling, perfect moments, everything is still. No one speaks. No one moves. Will falls limp, crashing back down atop his husband. He can feel Hannibal's cock, hard and rigid beneath him. The idea of moving right now is about as feasible as if Hannibal asked him to pluck the sun from the sky, though.

"Give me about five minutes," he mumbles, and Hannibal laughs in enamored delight.

"Take all the time you need, beloved, we have nowhere to be."

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